Power Outage

by JewWitch

Summary: Sister fluff, basically a total rewrite of ep 7, "Human for
a Day." Kara blows out her powers for the first time and immediately
gets sick, and she won't let anyone but her big sister take care of
her. Winn, James and Lucy co-star in equally fluffy supporting
roles.

    1. Chapter 1

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Power Outage

A Supergirl story starring super-sisters Kara and Alex! This is
basically just an excuse for sister fluff, because Kara and Alex's
relationship is probably my favorite part of the show, and I utterly
adore Alex more than anyone. Supporting roles for Winn, James and
Lucy.

Spoilers: none really, except for the very loose basis off ep 7,
"Human for a Day." Kara blows out her powers for the first time,
immediately gets sick, and won't let anyone but her big sister take
care of her. I am disregarding the timeline of the actual show and
the awkward love triangle between James, Lucy and Kara, because I
really like Lucy as Kara's friend and part of the Supergang, in a
simple and uncomplicated way. Enjoy!

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Winn was just coming back from his lunch break when he stopped short
in front of Kara's desk, blinking quizzically at a sight he had never
seen before: his best friend, _Supergirl,_ asleep at her desk.
Glasses askew, head pillowed on her arm, which was resting on a
notepad half-filled with research notes for Ms. Grant's latest
headline. She still had her pen held limply between her fingers as
she slept.

"Um...Kara?" Winn said gently, shaking her shoulder hesitantly. He was a little bit afraid that if he startled her awake, she might hit him on reflex and send him crashing through the wall. Fortunately for Winn, the blonde superhero's wake-up reflex was far tamer than what he'd been expecting.

"Right away, Ms. Grant!" Kara gasped as she sat bolt upright, then focused her sleepy, glassy eyes on her friend's familiar form in front of her. Thank God the hot-headed but brilliant boss lady was out of town, Winn thought; he wouldn't put it past the unyielding, demanding older woman to fire his best friend on the spot the second she was caught sleeping at her desk, no matter how dedicated an assistant she'd been for over two years now.

"Hey, hey, Kara! It's okay, it's just me," Winn assured her, giving her shoulder a little squeeze as she got her bearings after waking up so abruptly.

"Oh, Jesus...sorry, Winn...I don't know what..." Kara shook her head sleepily as she trailed off, rubbing her forehead. Her face was flushed, which, combined with the glassy-eyed, unfocused look she was giving him, made the thought strike Winn that his best friend looked feverish. But that was obviously impossible. The girl was bulletproof, she flew faster than a military jet. She couldn't get sick.

"Kara? What's, um, what's happening here?" He asked quizzically, with a note of slight alarm and concern.

"I blew out my powers...fighting that stupid Red Tornado," Kara yawned, pushing her glasses up briefly to rub her eyes. "I guess...I need to get more sleep now."

"Whaaaat!" Winn hissed in disbelief, eyes widening. "For how long?"

"I..._*snf*_...I dunno," Kara shrugged; then her bleary eyes narrowed as she took an involuntarily deep breath. _"Aah'tchxeww!"_ She sneezed adorably onto her desk, eyebrows knit together in an expression of absolute helplessness. She sniffled and wiped her nose on her hand when she sat up, sounding very congested.

"Bless you!" Winn exclaimed, still in shock. "Kara, are you...are you _sick?"_ He asked in bewilderment. The blonde Kryptonian sniffled again, wiping her nose more firmly on her knuckles.

"I hope so..." She sighed softly, blinking up at him with dazed, glassy eyes. "Because if this is what normal feels like, I don't want to live anymore." She sneezed again, but this time she recognized the strange, inside-her-head tickle, and cupped a hand to her face in time to catch it. _"Hhuh'chhew! *Snfl*..."_

"Okay, yeah. We have to take you home," Winn nodded to himself as he walked a few feet to the nearest desk with a box of Kleenex sitting on it, bringing them back to Kara.

"Uhh, thandk you," Kara sniffled, pulling a tissue out and cupping it awkwardly to her face, trying to remember what people looked like when they blew their nose, and copying it. It helped a little. "But

I'm fine, really. People get colds, right? Well, I'm people now. I might as well get used to it." She yawned and rubbed her eyes under her glasses again. "I need some coffee," she sighed, standing up and making her way to the break room. Winn tailed after her relentlessly, sure that Kara Danvers' first time being sick should probably not be something that happened in public.

"Kara, come on. Let me take you home. You look like crap. I, I mean, not likeâ€"I wasn'tâ€"you're beautiful," he stammered, cursing the blush he could feel rising up his cheeks. Hopefully his best friend was too distracted by the strange new things her body was feeling to notice. "But you really look sick. You should go home and rest. The world can survive without Supergirl for one day." He smiled sympathetically and put a hand on her shoulder. She gave him a reluctant half-smile back, and for a moment he actually thought he'd won.

"Thanks, Winn. You're a good friend. But I'm fine." She patted his hand on her shoulder in appreciation, and then promptly walked out from under it, proceeding towards her goal of coffee. He heard her sneeze again a moment after she'd turned the corner. _Time to assemble the troops_, the young IT tech thought to himself with a sigh, and walked off toward James and Lucy's offices.

Kara was back at her desk by the time her three friends appeared in front of it, diligently typing away with an extra-large cup of coffee beside her on the desk, right next to the Kleenex that Winn had left her. Without looking up from her typing, she snatched a tissue from the box and wiped her nose, still typing with one hand. Then she coughed, finally taking both hands off her keyboard to cover her mouth as her eyes squeezed shut and the heavy sound of deep, congested breathing rattled her chest.

"...Ouch," she whispered to herself, eyes still closed as she pressed one hand to her chest, in obvious pain from her coughing fit. She still hadn't noticed her friends standing in front of her. They all looked at each other with the exact same expression. Winn hadn't exaggerated.

"Hey," Lucy broke the silence first, walking around the desk to rub Kara's arm. The poor thing looked so miserable, they all felt the same driving need to comfort her in her confused, distressed state. "We heard somebody's not feeling so super today."

"Very funny," Kara glowered, pointedly averting her eyes back to her computer screen. "Don't you guys have anything better to do than harass me? I'm on a deadline here. Ms. Grant might not be in the office, but I still have to email her my copy by the end of the..._*snfl*_...the day..." She tried her hardest to keep her flickering eyes from closing; but in the end she couldn't help it, and she sneezed again, knocking over her coffee cup with her elbow. James immediately picked up her keyboard and notepad so they wouldn't get wet, and Winn grabbed a handful of Kleenex to mop up the spill. Kara groaned in exhaustion and embarrassment, putting her hands over her face.

"Now can we take you home, sweet pea?" Lucy asked gently.

"Ndoe," Kara whined behind her hands, sounding on the verge of a meltdown. "I..._*snf*_...I want Alex."

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Alex was in her lab looking through a microscope at one of the shards of the robot they'd recovered after Kara blew it up, determined to figure out what the thing had done to her sister on a cellular level when it knocked out her powers, and how to fix it. She felt her personal cell phone vibrating in her back pocket; and she almost didn't answer, her focus on her work was so intense. But then her stomach did a little backflip as she thought about all the ways Kara's first day without powers could go awry, and she whipped it out and answered.

"Hey Winn, is everything okay?" She asked, having seen his name and photo flash across the screen before she answered.

"Um, well, sort of? Not really. On a scale of one to weird, it's like, maybe an eight?" Winn had a tendency to babble when he was anxious, and now without realizing it he was transferring that anxiety directly to Alex.

"Winn!" the dark haired young agent snapped, drawing him back to attention. "What is wrong? Is it Kara?"

"Uhhh, yeah. She's sick. And, well, she doesn't really know how to be sick. She's really out of it, but she wouldn't let any of us take her home...so, she's kind of having a meltdown now and she just wants you."

"I'm coming right now," Alex said in an anxious but still commanding voice. "Will you please tell her I'm coming right now?" Without even waiting for his reply, she hung up the phone and ripped off her lab coat, grabbing her jacket and car keys as she ran out of the DEO full-tilt.

Why hadn't she anticipated this? Kara had been out of the lab without her powers for less than twelve hours...but her body had never used her immune system since the day she landed on earth when she was thirteen years old. She may as well not _have_ an immune system. Every single germ on this planet was completely foreign to her body. They should never have sent her out in this state, they should have kept her under the solar panels longer...Alex gritted her teeth, cursing herself as she jumped into her car and peeled out of the parking lot.

When she got to CatCo, she was slightly calmer. Kara was with her friends, after all, and they'd all proven their loyalty in a dozen different ways in the months since learning that their friend Kara was Supergirl. They would take care of her until Alex could step in. She was unsurprised to find Kara's desk empty when she got off the elevator; she remembered that James' office had a couch (and a mini-bar, and two armchairs—he was a department head at CatCo, after all), so she turned a corner and made a beeline for the art director's office. Sure enough, when she opened the frosted glass door, she found her sister curled up on the fashionable victorian-style couch, shivering, with Winn's coat laid over her as a blanket, or the closest thing they could get to one. Winn himself was sitting by Kara's feet, trying to finish Kara's work remotely on his laptop, while James sat proofing layouts at his desk and Lucy paced the floor yelling at someone on her phone in a heated yet quiet

voice, obviously trying not to disturb Kara. They were all trying to help her without disturbing her; that, Alex knew instantly, was all Kara would _let _them do. They were her friends...but they weren't her family. Alex knew, with a stab of protectiveness that cut right through her heart, that Kara must be feeling truly awful to be so guarded.

"Hey," she murmured, kneeling down by Kara's head and reaching out to stroke her sister's face, which was blazing hot.

"Lexie," Kara whimpered, reaching out and holding Alex's arm as if she might disappear, fingers digging into the fabric of her shirt. "Why does it hurt so much...?" Tears welled up and slid down the blonde girl's face, and Alex reacted on instinct, climbing onto the couch beside her sister and opening her arms, which were immediately filled with a trembling armful of blonde Kryptonian.

"Shh, you're okay baby, it's okay. I'm here now, I got you," Alex cooed softly to her feverish, sobbing little sister. Yet another red flag that told her Kara was in serious painâ€"she never called Alex _Lexie_ in front of other people. It was her special nickname for her big sister, one she only used when they were alone together. "Just focus on my heartbeat, honey...you remember...you can do it, just relax," Alex hummed soothingly, rubbing Kara's back with one hand and stroking her hair with the other, sifting through the soft blonde strands to rub her scalp. Kara's head was resting snugly on Alex's chest, and her tearful breathing began to relax as she closed her eyes and shut out everything but her big sister's warm, steady heartbeat. Alex could sense the relief in the room around her as Kara's friends relaxed, seeing the miserable girl taking comfort that none of them were able to give her.

It had been a long time since Kara had needed this level of comforting; but Alex would always be there to give it to her. Alex's heartbeat was the only thing that calmed Kara when she was truly losing it. The older girl remembered the very first time they had found themselves in this position, at two in the morning on Kara's first night on earth. The girls had spent the day cautiously getting to know each other, walking on the beach while her parents spoke with Kara's older cousinâ€"who Alex knew had been taken under her parents' wing once too, long before she was born. Kara was so innocent and sweet and full of wonder, gazing around at the ocean and the cawing seagulls like it was some kind of fantastical paradise. Alex wanted to ask her about what life had been like on Krypton, but she held herself back, worried that bringing up her destroyed planet would just make the younger girl sad and homesick. With that off the table, they didn't really have much to talk about, two nervous only children who were suddenly expected to be sisters. They'd come home and eaten dinner with Alex's parents..._our _parents, the dark-haired girl had to remind herself...watched a little TV, and gone to bed, just like it was a normal night on planet earth. Alex had laid awake a little longer than normal, her brain trying to process everything that had just changed in her world, her very understanding of life and the Universe; but the heaviness of it all soon washed over her sleepy brain and dragged her under.

It was hours later when she woke in a fog, blinking sleepily at the glowing numbers on her bedside alarm clock that flashed 2:37am. She wasn't sure what had woken her at first...until the soft, tearful sounds coming from her open doorway made her sit up, rubbing her eyes

blearily.

"...Kara? What's wrong?" Alex asked sleepily, her eyes adjusting to the darkness so she could see the younger girl standing in the doorway, as if she were afraid to come in any further and disturb her new human sister's sleep...but she was holding her hands tightly over her ears, and she was crying, in the hitching, ragged way that Alex recognized as the "I'm trying not to cry" kind of crying.

"Alex, it's too much," Kara whimpered, her breath hitching as the tears slid down her face in the moonlight. "It's so loud, everything is so loud...I can't, I...I don't know what to do..." Alex climbed out of bed and went straight to her hysterical little sister, pulling her into her own bed and wrapping both arms tightly around the trembling girl. Without conscious thought, some dormant part of her rose up fiercely, protectively, shifting her forever away from feeling like an only child. Kara was experiencing a sensory overload like nothing Alex could ever imagine...and when she couldn't take it anymore, she hadn't gone crying to her new foster parents' bedroom. She had come to her sister.

"Shh, it's okay Kara," She whispered, knowing instinctively that she needed to keep her voice quiet. "I've got you now, I won't leave you...just try to listen to my heartbeat, okay? Nothing else. I'm right here, just you and me..." Alex's soothing instructions worked, and Kara had nestled her blonde head snugly against the older girl's chest, tuning out everything else outside the rhythmic, warm thudding of her sister's heartbeat. Her sister. Her sister who was holding onto her like she would never let go.

"I love you," little Kara murmured woozily, and both their hearts opened wide to each other as they fell deeply asleep. Alex's mom had been a little surprised to find them curled up together when she went to wake Alex for school the next morning; but before she could say a word, Alex sat up in bed and launched into a heated diatribe about how they had to do something _immediately_ to help Kara cope with her super-senses, flat-out refusing to go to school until her mother promised her it would happen today, they had already sent for a contractor who would set about the daunting task of lining all the walls of their house with lead, starting with Kara's bedroom. The sleepy young alien girl had woken up with one arm still flung over Alex's waist, listening to her sister advocate for her as if both their lives depended on it. She smiled as she sat up rubbing her eyes.

That was the first time Alex had used her heartbeat to calm Kara when she was in pain or overwhelmed...but certainly not the last. It still worked like a charm, and within a few minutes Kara's feverish sobs had calmed to sniffles. She still held onto Alex just as tightly as she had her first night on earth, while Alex continued stroking her hair and holding her protectively for a few more quiet minutes. When the dark-haired girl looked up, she could see the palpable relief in their friends' faces, all of them having tried and failed to give Kara the comfort that only her sister could offer.

"Can we take you home now, hmm sweet girl?" Alex hummed softly, kissing the top of the sniffling girl's blonde head. "You need a real bed and a real blanket."

"Yeah," Kara agreed submissively, for the first time all day, as she

gave herself over to the one person in the galaxy who she trusted implicitly and completely. She tried to sit up a little too fast, and she swayed dizzily on the couch for a moment, one hand pressed woozily to her hot forehead as the room spun around her. But Alex caught her, and sat holding her up on the couch for a minute while the vertigo slowly passed, rubbing her back and murmuring soft assurances to her, while Kara whimpered with her eyes closed against the dizziness. The others all looked so helpless, and Alex felt for them. She knew how crazy she'd be going right now if she was in their shoes, wanting to comfort Kara but not being able to. She tried to give them a reassuring smile.

"Thank you guys, so much. I owe you...anything you want." Alex's dark eyes shone with sincerity as she thanked Kara's three closest friends for their brave attempts at caretaking. She knew better than anyone how stubborn Kara could be, and a frightening and strange situation like getting sick for the first time in her earthly life seemed more than likely to exacerbate that quality.

"No thanks necessary," Lucy half-smiled, with the boys nodding along emphatically. "Kara, honey, can you walk? Or do you want James to carry you out to Alex's car?"

"I can walk. I'm not _dead,_" Kara grumbled crankily, rubbing her teary eyes as she stood up, and immediately stumbled. Alex caught her again, wrapping an arm firmly around the younger girl's slim waist.

"How about you just lean on me, hmm?" The older girl murmured gently, feeling that Kara could stand up fine; she just couldn't balance herself, dizzy from the blazing hot fever making her shiver and sweat at the same time.

"Yeah," Kara agreed with her sister again gratefully. She did _not_ want to be carried out of here like a damsel in distress. She may not be having her best day ever, but she was still Supergirl. Leaning on Alex was okay. Alex was safety, and home, and complete and utter trust. "Thank you," she whispered, with a weak but coherent smile. Alex smiled back, resting her forehead briefly against her sister's warm temple and kissing her cheek.

"Come on, sweetheart. Let's get you home."

Once they actually started walking, Kara was able to hold herself up reasonably well, all things considered. As long as Alex kept a firm grip on her, she stayed upright, with just the occasional wobble. James and Lucy bid them goodbye at the elevator, telling Kara they hoped she'd feel better soon; but Winn, his eyes round with puppy-like devotion, gathered Kara's purse and laptop from her desk, plus the box of tissues that still sat there, following the two sisters dutifully all the way down to the parking lot.

"Thanks, Winn," Kara murmured with a weak smile as he deposited her stuff in her lap once Alex had her buckled into the passenger side of the car. "You're such a good friend..." Her smile faded as her eyes narrowed and her breath caught, and she snatched a tissue from the box in her lap just in time to cover the congested sneeze that rocked her forward in her seat.

"Bless you," Winn said a little awkwardly as he closed the car door

gently. He wanted so much to be the one that Kara wanted comfort from...but he wasn't. And he was man enough not to let his ego get in the way of calling in the one person who could comfort the girl he loved best in her hour of need.

"Thank you for calling me, Winn," Alex echoed her sister's thanks, giving the young IT tech such a grateful, glowing smile that Winn couldn't help smiling back. He knew Kara would be all right now. He nodded and waved as they drove away.

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Kara kept her eyes closed the entire ride back to her apartment, but her regular sniffles and nose-rubs told Alex she was still awake. The dark-haired girl hummed a Kryptonian lullaby that Kara had taught her years ago, and by the time they pulled up in front of Kara's building, the younger girl was almost asleep in her seat. Alex gently helped her stand up, and half-dragged her to the elevator, thanking her lucky stars that she didn't have to drag her poor sister up four flights of stairs on foot. As soon as they got through the door to her apartment, Kara released her woozy grip on her sister and stumbled the few feet to her soft, squishy couch, flopping down bonelessly on it with a deep sigh of relief.

"Don't you want your bed, honey? It's bigger and comfier," Alex said gently, coming to sit on the couch beside her alien sister's outstretched body, still shivering weakly with fever chills. God, she was burning up.

"Too far," Kara mumbled croakily, nestling her head deeper into the couch cushions and wrapping one arm possessively around her sister's leg beside her. "Comfy here."

"Okay, my sweet little alien baby...we'll stay right here," Alex murmured, pulling off her jacket and tossing it over the armchair across from the couch. "But let me get you some PJ's and medicine, okay? And something to drink. You're burning up honey, you're gonna get dehydrated."

"Noooo," Kara whined, pressing her hot face into the fabric of Alex's jeans. "Just stay, Lex...stay...please." She coughed, and Alex could feel the rattling congestion in her sister's chest vibrating through her hand, which was resting on Kara's back.

"I'm not leaving you, Kar. I'm right here with you, I'm right here," Alex promised, leaning down to press her forehead against her sister's for a long, quiet moment, before kissing her cheek and straightening up again. "But I just need to get up for a minute, baby. I'm not leaving you. I'm just getting what you need to help you feel better, okay? I'll be back in a minute, I promise. Here, pick out something to watch on TV." Alex put the remote in Kara's hand, and Kara took it submissively, relaxing her hold on Alex's leg and idly flipping through Netflix. The older girl smiled at her small triumph, and slipped off the couch to gather her supplies as quickly as possible.

First she went to Kara's bedroom, pulling a pair of comfy flannel pajama pants and a faded old _Midvale High Athletics_ t-shirt from her sister's bureau. Then she went to the bathroom, where she knew a bottle of Advil sat in the mostly unused medicine cabinet, which Kara

only kept around for visitors. _Thank God_, Alex thought gratefully, because the idea of physically leaving Kara alone in the apartment right now was gut-wrenching to even contemplate. She shook ten pills from the bottle, praying that her years of theoretical research on Kryptonian biology at the DEO would withstand their first real-life test. Kara may have blown out her powers, but she still wasn't human; and her natural Kryptonian metabolism was five times faster than an earthling's. Giving her a normal human dose of any sort of medicine was unlikely to have any effect whatsoever. She wished they also had something on hand for the horrible congestion overtaking her little sister's respiratory system, but she wasn't willing to leave Kara alone to get it. Maybe later, if it got any worse, she'd send Winn out to the drug store for them; it was plain as day that boy would do anything for Kara, long before her even knew she was a secret superhero.

But for now, Alex was satisfied with simply making her sister more comfortable and bringing down the fever, hopefully making it possible for her to rest and maybe even sleep, which she obviously needed. The young agent's last stop was in the kitchen, where she grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and popped a straw in it, so Kara wouldn't have to sit up to drink, and an ice pack from the freezer, which she wrapped in a dishcloth.

"Okay, I'm back honey," Alex smiled sweetly as she sat back down on the couch and deposited all her goodies on the coffee table. "Can I help you sit up, just for a minute? I promise you'll feel better after." Kara didn't grumble or whine this time, submitting herself completely and unquestioningly to her sister's care now that she was safe and sound in her own apartment, just her and Alex and no one else. She sat up a little shakily, the floor feeling cold under her bare feet for the first time ever. "Good girl," Alex murmured encouragingly, holding out the handful of Advil before anything else. "Here, swallow these sweetie. It should help." Kara nodded wordlessly, tossing back the entire handful of pills and taking a long swallow of cold water to wash them down. The cold water felt so good on her raw throat, she gulped down almost half the bottle before handing it back to Alex, who gently praised her again and set the water back on the coffee table.

"Now we just gotta get you comfy, then you can lie back down and rest. C'mon, hold your arms up for me..." Kara had never needed help undressing before, but it was impossible to be embarrassed when it was just her and her big sister, so she complied without a word of argument, raising her arms and allowing Alex to pull the light sweater over her head. When the air hit her bare skin, she shivered feverishly, automatically wrapping her arms around herself for warmth, naked now from the waist up except for her lacy bra.

"Hhet'chxiew!" She sneezed sleepily into her lap, arms still wrapped tightly around herself as she shivered.

"Bless you, baby girl," Alex cooed sweetly, grabbing a tissue from the box on the coffee table—which, again, was only there for human visitors to the young alien girl's apartment—and wiping her little sister's runny nose for her.

"Thandks," Kara murmured back, her voice so sleepy and dazed she sounded almost as if she were in a trance of some kind.

"Mm-hmm," Alex nodded with a half-smile, torn between worry over her sister's first bout of earthly sickness, and the undeniable adorable factor of seeing Kara like this for the first time ever, sick and woozy and punch-drunk on the unfamiliar sensations coursing through her body. She seemed like a little girl right now, which just made Alex's protective big sister instincts blaze up inside her even more strongly, reminding her of the crying child in her doorway all those years ago, hands over her ears in distress, begging Alex for help, for comfort. Wanting to give her that comfort as quickly as possible, Alex efficiently finished changing Kara into her soft pajamas, then helped her lay back down, settling one of the neatly folded throw blankets from the foot of the couch over her, then finally pressing the ice pack to the younger girl's hot forehead.

"There, does that feel good?" Alex asked gently, sitting on the edge of the couch cushion and stroking her sister's long hair again.

"Cuddle me," Kara whimpered woozily, with another painful-sounding cough. "Please, Lexie, please..."

"Shh, okay, it's okay...I got you," Alex gently reassured her scared, disoriented, miserable little sister, kicking off her shoes and climbing over her on the couch, so she was behind Kara's body and could wrap both arms around her stomach, holding her feverish body as close as humanly possible. Kara immediately wrapped her arms on top of Alex's, holding her there, as if Alex had any intention of leaving. The dark-haired girl rubbed her face affectionately into her sister's silk-soft blonde hair, and began rubbing light circles over her stomach with one hand.

"Thank you," Kara whispered, her trembling body finally going limp in the comfort of her big sister's arms. "Love you..." She drifted off to sleep so quickly, she didn't even hear Alex's whispered, _I love you too, my little alien,_ as the older girl gently reached out to pick up the remote, looking for something soothing and familiar to watch while her sister slept safely in her arms.

   2. Chapter 2

Hi guys!

Thanks for the love on chapter one, this is the kind of gooey fluffy goodness that feeds my soul. I'm glad other people enjoy the gooey-fluffy diet too! Here's some more for you. :)

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Power Outage

Chapter 2

â€¦...

Kara was floating through a sea of sleepy blackness...then she opened her eyes in horror, panic rising up like hot molten lava in her chest as she looked around through the glass dome of her pod. Her pod...she was back in the Phantom Zone, outside time, outside space, lost in a

crack in the universe where no one would ever find her.

"Alex!" She screamed, her heart beating so fast it felt like her
chest would explode. "Alex, help me! Don't leave me here!" Even as
she screamed, she knew it was no use; no one could hear her where she
was. The blazing hot panic in her chest overtook her whole body, and
she thrashed uselessly in her pod, terrified and hysterical and
sobbing her heart out. She was alone...forever...

With a scream of pure anguish, Kara thrashed so hard under the
blankets that she fell off the couch, landing with a thud on the cool
hardwood floor of her own apartment, the world rushing back into her
senses as she sat on the floor and wept, drawing her knees up to her
chest and wrapping her arms tightly around herself, holding herself
together as if afraid she might float away again, right off this
planet and back into the blackness of space. She was only like that
for a moment before her big sister's arms were around her, holding
onto her as tight as Kara was holding herself, trembling with terror
and fever and confusion. It was a dream, it was just a dream. But
that knowledge didn't diffuse the terror she felt twisting up her
insides, as real as her pod in the blackness of space had been a
moment ago. She snaked her arms possessively around her sister's
body, which felt wonderfully cool and soothing now next to her hot
skin, and cried her eyes out while Alex rubbed her back, rocking her
slightly on the chilly hardwood floor.

"It was a dream, baby, it was just a dream," Alex cooed, keeping her
arms and legs locked tightly around her little sister's shaking body,
sensing that Kara needed to be held as tightly as possible while she
recovered from her fevered nightmare. Kara buried her hot face in
Alex's neck, sobbing until she coughed, her chest still heavy with
congestion. She drew back from the safety of her sister's arms just
enough to cover her mouth with one hand, worried despite all her own
pain and terror about passing her germs along to her sister. But the
coughing made her dizzy again, and she slumped limply against Alex's
chest, unable to even hold herself up in a sitting position.

"You're okay, you're okay," Alex hummed over and over, reaching over
Kara's shoulder to the coffee table and coming back with something
wonderfully cool, which she dabbed over Kara's hot face and the back
of her neck. "Come back to me, Kara, I'm right here..." Finally,
after a few minutes alternating between coughing and
hyperventilating, the younger girl took a calm, steadying breath and
looked up into her sister's dark eyes, full of fierce love and
protection. "Hey," Alex smiled gently, cupping Kara's flushed cheek
in one hand and wiping away a few tears with her thumb. "There's my
girl." Kara sniffled as her tears tapered off, forcing her hazy eyes
to focus on Alex's face and nothing else. It was the only way to keep
her consciousness from drifting off somewhere dark and scary
again.

"I had...such a bad dream," Kara croaked softly, finding her voice to
be much rougher than usual, raw and congested and weak from crying.
Alex wiped the tears from her face with the cool washcloth while the
young alien girl sniffled, the coldness of the floor they were
sitting on finally seeping through her sweat-soaked pajamas to her
hot skin, making her shiver, and her teeth began to chatter. The
chill seemed to send a spark straight from her cold feet, all the way
up her spine to her head, where it made her nose tickle with a jolt
of intensity so strong, it felt like an ice cube had just been

dropped inside her head. _"Uhh'chhiew! *Snfl*_..." Kara sneezed woozily, pushing one hand weakly against her pink nose in another bleary but determined attempt not to spray her sister with her germs.

"Bless you, sunshine," Alex cooed softly, not flinching away when her little sister sneezed on her. "Come on, let's get you off this cold floor..." Without another word, Alex scooped up Kara's shivering body and deposited her back on the couch, pulling the blanket back over her that she'd kicked off during her nightmare. Sensing that Kara's need for contact and physical comfort had not yet abated, Alex gently leaned her sister forward so she could slip in behind her, letting the trembling girl lean back against her and slipping one arm around Kara's stomach, which the younger girl held there tightly with both hands as her panicky breathing slowly returned to normal. Alex used her free hand to hold the cold washcloth against Kara's forehead, dipping it occasionally into the bowl of ice water that sat on the coffee table beside them and squeezing it out deftly with one hand before pressing it back to her sister's burning hot face.

"Lexie..." Kara finally croaked out softly, her voice weak and quiet now that she was no longer gasping with terror.

"Yeah, baby. I'm here," Alex hummed softly, hugging her tightly from behind.

"Am I..._*snf*_...am I sick?" The younger girl asked meekly.

"Yeah, Kara. You're sick. You remember, don't you? You lost your powers, Winn and Lucy and James called me to come get you at work...that was just a few hours ago, angel. You remember." Alex kept the cold washcloth pressed tightly to her sister's sweaty forehead until the heat of her fever had leeched all the coldness from the damp cloth; then she dipped it back in the ice water, squeezed it out, and began the process all over again.

"Yeah..." Kara agreed with a shaky sigh, closing her eyes briefly. "I remember. I just thought...maybe it was part of my dream...it was so scary, Lex..."

"Do you want to talk about it?" The older girl asked gently, snuggling down a little deeper against the couch as Kara's body relaxed into hers, making them both feel heavier.

"I was back in the Phantom Zone," Kara whispered, her hand squeezing Alex's tight against her stomach. "I woke up in my pod, and I was all alone...forever..."

"You will never be alone again, Kara. Never," Alex murmured fiercely, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her sister's blonde head.

"Tell me again," Kara whispered, her voice wobbling with insecurity like Alex hadn't heard in years. The blonde girl rolled over so she could press her ear to her sister's chest, seeking out that warm, steady heartbeat that always called her home.

"I will never leave you," Alex swore, her voice quiet but vibrating with intensity as she hugged her sister's weakened body tight against her. "Never, Kara...you're my sister, you're my heart."

"I love you so much, Alex," Kara murmured croakily, curling her legs up to her chest under the blanket so she was lying squarely in Alex's lap, one arm wrapped possessively around her big sister's waist. She coughed and rubbed her nose.

"I love you more," Alex cooed back, sifting her fingers through long blonde hair again.

"I love you the most," Kara countered sleepily, a woozy grin spreading across her face as her shivering finally began to ease, and her body went limp in the safety of Alex's arms. "To infinity and beyond..." They both giggled a little; Toy Story was the first DVD they'd ever watched together, and thirteen-year-old Kara had been almost unhinged with delight at the silly antics of the animated toys on the screen. Apparently cartoons, or entertainment-based media in general, were not part of life on Krypton.

A soft knock on the door roused them from their snug position on the couch together, and Alex immediately let go of her sister's back and tried to slide out from under her. "No," Kara whined, her fingers automatically tightening around the fabric of her sister's shirt again. But Alex was much stronger than she was now, and it was easy for the older girl to release her sister's hold on her.

"Shh, it's okay Kara. I'm just answering the door. It's probably Winn, I asked him to go to the drug store for you, okay?" Alex stood up and rubbed Kara's back one more time, dropping a lingering kiss on her forehead.

"Oh...okay," Kara conceded sleepily, rubbing her eyes. Alex padded over to the door and sure enough, there was Winn, smiling and holding a big bag from the drug store.

"Hey, Winn, thanks for coming over," Alex smiled gratefully, opening the door wider to let him in. "Fair warning, this apartment is like cootie-central right now. I'd understand if you just wanna give me the bag and not come in."

"What? No," Winn rolled his eyes at the young DEO agent, giving her the same "duh" expression that a teenage girl might. He loved Kara. Kara was sick. He was coming inside.

"Okay," Alex nodded, giving him a sideways grin of approval as he passed. She knew Kara didn't realize how Winn truly felt about her...but she also knew that Winn would be there for her little sister no matter what, and that made Alex want him around as much as he wanted to be there.

"Hey, Kara...how are you feeling?" Winn asked hesitantly, sitting beside her where she was still curled up on the couch on her side, and patting her leg awkwardly. He wanted to show her affection and comfort; he just didn't quite know how. But even though he didn't know how, his intentions always showed through, and she gave him a weak half smile as he patted her leg.

"So, so shitty," she said with a sigh; but she still managed to give him a smile. "But it's nice that you're..." She had to pause as a cough came over her, and she clamped a kleenex over her mouth again, determined not to spread her germs to her loved ones. Even in this sorry state, she still wanted to save everyone. "...You're here," she

finished croakily.

"Of course I'm here." Winn beamed at her, clearly delighted to be needed. "You really must be feeling shitty if you're actually using a curse word. You never curse. You're so wholesome," the young IT director gently teased his best friend, trying to get another smile out of her.

"Yeah, well. Right now I don't really give a fuck," Kara grumbled; but a half-grin tugged at the corner of her mouth. _Mission accomplished._ Alex came around the other side of the couch and sat on the arm, by Kara's head, pressing the cold washcloth back to her forehead.

"Did you find everything I texted you?" The dark-haired girl asked, eyeing the bag. Kara sneezed, and Alex stroked her hair absently.

"Yep," Winn nodded eagerly. "What do you want first?"

"Thermometer, please." Alex held out her hand, and Winn passed her a small box that held a digital ear thermometer. With all the respiratory issues Kara was having right now, Alex really didn't want to make her hold anything in her mouth or have to breathe just through her nose. If she even could. "Thanks." Alex smiled gratefully, opening the package and turning it on with a little beep. She stuck it gently in Kara's ear, and it was only a few moments before it beeped again with the results. Winn leaned over Kara's body to look at the readout before Alex even had a chance to take it out of her ear again.

"A hundred and _five?"_ The young IT tech squealed, so alarmed he stood up for no reason, like he was about to go charging off into battle. Against a fever.

"Calm down, Winn, she's not human. Her normal body temp ranges from 100.5 to 101.5." Alex patted his arm, trying not to be amused by his freak-out.

"Ohâ€"okay, but that's...that's still bad..." He panted weakly and sat down again.

"I can take it. I'm the girl of steel," Kara smirked woozily.

"Yeah, well today you're the girl of snot," Alex teased gently, making a childish face at her sister. Kara giggled sleepily.

"Shut _up,_ doofus," she murmured, still smiling although she was starting to look very sleepy again.

"Don't fall asleep," Alex said sternly, already noticing her sister drooping. "We have more meds for you." Winn handed over the rest of his shopping, which included another extra large bottle of Advil, plus an equally large value-sized box of Sudafed, and half a dozen bottles of maximum strength cough syrup. Winn watched Alex pop out five times the normal dose of the small red Sudafed pills, and suddenly understood why she had specifically told him to get the largest available size of everything. "Can you sit up a little bit, baby?"

"Mm-hmm," Kara mumbled, yawning as she pushed herself up shakily on one arm, tucking her feet underneath her. Winn saw her winding up for another sneeze, so he pushed a fresh tissue into her free hand. _"Hh'chxshh! *Snfl*_...ughh, fuck this," Kara mumbled into her tissue, wiping her nose for what felt like the thousandth time today.

"Bless you," Alex said with a small smile, weirdly amused to see her little sister cursing...which, as Winn had already pointed out, she never did. But it also meant she was still coherent and not about to go into respiratory failure, so that was good. She held out the handful of decongestants. "These should help with the sniffles." Kara gulped down her newest handful of pills obediently, drinking a lot of water with them which also made Alex happy. "Okay, now comes the yucky part...I'm sorry babe." Alex held out a bottle of cough syrup. "You have to drink the whole bottle. It tastes awful. But I'll bribe you with ice cream after."

"Whatever, I don't care," Kara sighed defeatedly, holding out her hand for the cough syrup. "If it makes me stop coughing up half a lung, I don't care what it tastes like." Alex took the cap off and handed it to her. Kara put her head back and gulped down a large mouthful. Then she made a horrible face of disgust, and pushed the bottle back into Alex's hands, grabbing for her water again. After she'd taken a few gulps, she glowered at her sister mutinously. _"Ughhh,_ are you kidding me?"

"Ice cream. Think about the ice cream," Alex smiled encouragingly. Kara pouted, but she took the bottle back, making the same scrunched-up face of disgust after each gulp, but persisting on until the bottle was empty. Then she dropped the empty bottle on the coffee table and grabbed her water again, emptying that too.

"Ice cream," she demanded, feeling that she had thoroughly earned it. Then she sneezed again, pitching forward into her cupped hands. "Lexie, it's not working," she whined, sniffling.

"It takes a little more than five minutes to kick in," Alex explained patiently to her cranky sister, kissing the top of her head as she stood up. "And I'm getting you ice cream."

3. Chapter 3 (final)

Hello darlings!

Thank you all for the great feedback on this story, I'm glad you loved it as much as I did! I'd go on forever if I could; but I just can't let poor Kara be sick forever. What would National City do without her? Anyway, this was my first ever Supergirl story, but you can bet your sweet behinds it won't be my last. I'm already toying with some ideas for the next one, but I'll probably wait until after next week's ep (which is the finale, yes?) before I start...because, well, no spoilers in case you didn't see this week's ep, but I expect there will be _all the feels_. So, with that said, enjoy!
;)

â€¦...

Power Outage

Part 3 (final)

â€¦...

Kara fell asleep before she could finish her ice cream, which worried
Alex more than the fever and the coughing and the dizziness combined.
Hank had told her when she'd first checked in with him that if Kara's
temp went above 107, she was to contact him for a medical evac
immediately, so they could provide the highest level of medical and
research support and figure out how to keep Supergirl breathing until
her powers returned.

Why hadn't her powers returned? Counting the two days of scans and
testing in the DEO before they had foolishly released her to go back
to work at CatCo, it had now been three full days since Kara's powers
had blown, which was already 33% longer than her cousin in Metropolis
had ever gone without his solar batteries getting a natural recharge.
And _he_ was a loner, he didn't even have the DEO to stick him under
concentrated, bioengineered solar panels for hours on end like Kara
had. All things being equal, she should have recharged _faster _than
Clark, not slower. Alex spent the night sitting vigil in Kara's bed,
working intently on her laptop to try to analyze and decode her
sister's biology. The DEO techs had been studying the robot's remains
since Kara had brought in its destroyed robot-corpse three days ago,
but so far nothing they had found could give them a clue as to why
Kara's powers weren't coming back, so Alex decided to focus on Kara's
biology instead, regardless of the catalyst for her power loss.

Alex tried to give her research her complete focus, which was usually
easy; she'd always been an excellent studentâ€"gifted, actually,
she'd graduated from Stanford two years early with Latin honorsâ€"but
even the fascination of alien biology research couldn't hold her
attention when her sister would whimper or cough in her sleep, or cry
out her name helplessly in fevered nightmares. Alex found herself
shoving her laptop on the bedside table at least once every twenty
minutes, pressing cold compresses to Kara's burning face or rubbing
her back when she coughed in her sleep. The mammoth doses of human
meds she'd forced down Kara's throat didn't seem to be helping much.
But Alex was also keeping a close eye on her sister's temp, and
thankfully it hadn't gone above 106...yet. She kept checking it every
hour through the night, though, anxious to avoid dragging her poor
sick little sister out of bed and into the DEO to lie on cold lab
tables and be cared for by teams of strangers in white biohazard
suits; but equally afraid of what could happen to Kara if she ignored
Hank's instructions and kept her home past the point of common
sense.

"Lexie?" Kara mumbled sleepily, yawning softly and blinking at the
dim outline of her sister's body sitting up in bed next to her, lit
by the soft glow of her laptop. It wasn't quite 5am; the sun would be
rising soon.

"Hey," Alex grinned hugely, relief flooding her body as she once
again shoved her laptop aside and snuggled down into the pillows
beside Kara, stroking her hair back from her face and assessing what
she saw; sleepy blue eyes, yes, but alert, not bathed in the glassy
glow of fevered hallucinations. She had been so scared that Kara
might take a turn for the worst in the middle of the night, when
things seemed dark and scary and Alex felt so small and helpless to

protect her. The older girl didn't even realize she had tears of relief running down her face until Kara reached out and wiped a few away.

"I scared you...I'm sorry," Kara murmured, her sleepy eyes growing slightly more alert as they filled with concern at the sight of her big sister in such distress.

"Don't you dare say you're sorry, dummy," Alex shook her head, taking a deep breath as she wiped away the rest of her tears and wrapped her arms around her little sister's warm body, hugging her tight under the soft nest of blankets. "You're the one who's sick, you shouldn't have to be worried about _me._"

"Oh, please," Kara scoffed weakly, pausing briefly with a glassy look in her eyes, then drawing one pajama-covered arm across her face to cover a stuffy sneeze. "I thindk..._*snf!*_...I think we both remember how hard I flipped out the first time I saw _you_ get sick. You were comforting me while you were puking your guts out. I think I owe you," the blonde girl smiled weakly, reaching out and running her fingers lightly through her sister's dark hair, and cuddling up to her snugly in reassurance.

It was true...Kara _had_ flipped her shit pretty hard the first time she saw her big sister get sick. Due to their advanced technology, illness on Krypton was rare; but the few illnesses that had yet to be eradicated were often fatal. Kara herself had never been sick, but her little cousin Shor-Van, Aunt Astra's only child, had contracted the Argo fever when he was seven and Kara was nine. He died in the hospital, after three weeks of terrible pain and hallucinations that made him scream until his voice was gone. Kara remembered how scared he'd been in the end...she was holding his hand when he died.

She'd been on earth for almost ten months now, so she knew in abstract that sickness on this planet was different; more varied, often far less serious; but she'd never actually seen anyone get sick up close. The Danvers were blessed with strong genes and healthy immune systems, and Alex hadn't had so much as a cold in the almost-year since they'd become sisters. Kara was therefore completely unprepared when, one morning in the early spring of her 8th grade year, she realized she had gotten up, showered, and finished dressing for school, and her sister hadn't even come out of her room yet.

"Alex?" Fourteen-year-old Kara knocked tentatively on her sister's door before sticking her head in curiously. "Hey, we're gonna be late..." The blonde alien girl frowned uncertainly when she saw that her sister was still asleep. "Alex?" She said again, more gently, crossing the room to sit on the edge of her sister's bed and shaking her shoulder lightly. Alex made a sound halfway between a whimper and a groan as she opened her eyes.

"Kara...shit," the dark-haired girl mumbled, curling up in a ball under her covers with her arms wrapped tightly around her stomach. Kara noticed the sheen of sweat on her sister's flushed face, and felt her heart begin to beat rapidly with anxiety.

"Lexie, are you okay?" Kara asked anxiously, putting one hand tentatively on her sister's back.

"No," Alex whined; and without warning, she rolled over and threw up into the small trash can between her bed and her desk. On instinct, Kara reached out and held her sister's long, dark hair back from her face, keeping one hand on Alex's back in an attempt to offer her some comfort while she retched up nothing but stomach acid. "Ughhh...fuck me hard," the fifteen-year-old groaned, panting, when she pulled her head back up onto her pillow and looked at Kara miserably. Unlike her sweet little sister, Alex had an extensive vocabulary of curse words already under her belt by the time she'd finished Junior High, and swearing a little seemed to help her feel slightly better at the moment. "Will you get Mom? ...Kara?" Alex blinked quizzically at her sister's strange expression; her face looked frozen. "Kara, what? Haven't you ever seen anyone puke before? I know, it's gross...sorry." Alex was curling up tight again under the covers, her stomach still writhing, and she knew she was going to be sick again. But she was more worried about the weird look still frozen on her little sister's face. "Kara, talk to me..." That was all Alex was able to get out before she leaned over her bed and puked into her trashcan again.

"Eliza!" Kara shrieked, her heart hammering with a full-on panic attack as she held her sister's hair back again, putting her free hand on Alex's sweaty forehead this time to steady her as she hung over the edge of her bed, throwing up into the trashcan. When Eliza Danvers arrived in the doorway, terrified by the sound of Kara's voice when she'd screamed for her, she couldn't decide for a split second who needed her more, Alex or Kara.

"Kara, sweetheart, it's all right. Don't be scared," Eliza said gently, kneeling down by the edge of the bed and putting a hand on her older daughter's back while the dark-haired girl panted weakly, winded and weak from her last round of vomiting. "Alex, I'm here honey. Are you going to be sick again? Should we take you to the bathroom?"

"No," Alex shook her head weakly, pushing herself back onto her pillow even though she knew she was definitely going to throw up again...but hopefully not for a few more minutes. She needed to catch her breath, and she needed to figure out why her little sister was freaking the fuck out. "Kara...I'm okay," she said, trying to sound reassuring though her voice was a little rough and croaky. She even tried to sit up to demonstrate how okay she was, but a wave of dizziness forced her right back down again. "Well, maybe not right this second...but I'll _be_ okay, Kara. It's just the flu. I'll be fine, okay? Kara? Can you please say something?" Alex begged, reaching out and squeezing her sister's hand. The gentle touch seemed to crack whatever dam Kara had frozen up behind the moment she saw Alex get sick, and the fourteen-year-old burst into tears.

"Are you s-s-sure?" The blonde girl choked, gripping Alex's hand a little too tightly, then letting go with a gasp when Alex winced. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Kara wept, pulling her shaking hands back and wrapping them tightly around herself so she wouldn't accidentally injure her fragile human family. They were all so fragile...Alex was sick, she was _sick_...how could she be okay?

"Kara, honey, breathe," Eliza said gently, putting a hand on the younger girl's back. "You don't have to be scared, sweetheart, I promise. Do you understand? I _promise_ you. Your sister will be fine. This is normal. She'll feel better in a few days, that's all.

Just a few days." Alex wanted to sit up and comfort her terrified little sister too, but she couldn't, so she just reached out and rested one hand reassuringly on Kara's leg.

"R-really?" Kara sniffed, wiping her eyes as she looked back and forth between her sister and her foster mom, trying to see whether they were telling the truth or not. She'd already lost one family, one home, her whole world...she couldn't lose Alex too. Even if her body was impervious to harm under the glow of this planet's yellow sun, without Alex Kara wouldn't survive.

"Really, Kara," Alex assured her, squeezing her leg weakly. "You know I wouldn't lie to you, right?" Kara just sniffed and wiped her eyes, suddenly feeling ashamed of her outburst. Alex was the one who was sick, Alex was the one who needed care and attention. Not her. _"Right?"_ Alex persisted.

"R-right," Kara hiccuped, wiping the last of her tears from her red eyes. "How do I..._*snf*_...how do I help you feel better?" Alex opened her mouth to answer, but at the last second she leaned over her bed and retched again. There was nothing in her stomach left to throw up, but her stomach didn't seem to know that. Kara immediately resumed her former position, holding Alex's hair back with one hand and pressing her feverish forehead with the other to steady her. Seeing Kara's natural caretaking instincts go into action, Eliza took the opportunity to get a cup of water from the bathroom, which she brought back to Alex's bedside. Seeing the water, Kara wordlessly slid one arm behind Alex's shoulders and helped her sit up a little; well, not so much _helped _her, as held her up. Alex took a tiny sip of water, afraid that any more would make her puke again. Then she slumped back against her little sister's impossibly strong arms with a weak sigh of relief.

"For someone who's never done this before, you're pretty fucking good at it," Alex smiled weakly up at her little sister's tear-streaked face, trying to get a smile out of her.

"Alex, language!" Dr. Danvers chastised her automatically; but when Kara giggled, the older woman couldn't keep the stern expression on her face.

"Do you want to watch a movie? Can I get you medicine? Do you want a backrub?" Kara asked in a rush, trying to think of anything and everything she could do to help Alex feel better faster.

"You're not doing any of those things, young lady. You're going to school," Dr. Danvers said, standing up with her hands on her hips in her most authoritative mom pose. "I'll take care of Alex, you go on before you miss the bus."

"I'm not going to school!" Kara exclaimed in a horrified voice. Eliza was on the verge of arguing back, used to this sort of defiance from her headstrong oldest daughter; but it was the first time ever that Kara had refused to do something she was told—by her foster parents, her teachers, or any adult really—and Eliza could see in the young girl's eyes how much she needed to stay by her sister's side. Whatever frightening memories of Krypton she was having right now, she was obviously traumatized, and if comforting Alex was what Kara needed to do to comfort herself, then that was what they would do. It wasn't as if Kara technically needed school anyway; her

knowledge of math and science was already more advanced than any earthling's on the day she landed here, and as for history and literature, her super-speed was just as effective at reading as it was for running and jumping and flying, and she had already read so many books on the humanities that she could easily have graduated from college already. If she wanted to draw attention to herself, which she didn't. But Kara didn't mind, she liked going to school, usually; she considered it one giant field study in anthropology, and the longer she spent studying her classmates and teachers, the easier it became to fit in. But today she didn't need to fit in. Today she was just a scared, orphaned alien who needed to be with her sister.

"All right, then," Eliza half-smiled, warmed above all by the closeness between her two daughters as she watched Kara sit there rubbing Alex's back. "I suppose I'll just call and tell the school secretary you're both sick. Just this once," she added, not wanting to set too lenient of a precedent. Rules and structure _were_ an important part of a normal childhood, too.

"Thank you," Kara sighed gratefully, a huge smile of relief breaking over her face.

"You're such a dork," Alex grinned up at her sister weakly. "And you are _not_ allowed to get mad if I puke on you. You had your chance to escape." But Kara had no intention of escaping. For the next three days, she stayed by Alex's side every second. While Alex slept off her fever, Kara sat beside her in bed for hours, reading books on string theory and quantum mechanics from her foster parents' collection; when Alex was awake, Kara brought her glasses of water and ginger ale and cups of tea, and forced her to drink a little each time before she fell asleep again. When Alex woke up nauseous, Kara seemed to know right away, and put the bedside trash can in her sister's lap so she wouldn't have to lean over the side of the bed to throw up. Finally, late in the afternoon on Alex's third sick day, she woke up feeling better; not a hundred percent, but her stomach felt normal, she was even a little hungry. She blinked sleepily, rubbing her eyes, and looked over unsurprised to see her sister still sitting beside her.

"Hey," Alex croaked out softly, her voice hoarse with sleepiness.

"Hey," Kara beamed back at her, immediately dropping the textbook and notepad in her lap and rolling onto her stomach to snuggle up to her sister, reaching out to feel her head. She felt cool again, like she normally did, at least to Kara, whose normal body temperature was several degrees higher. "You're getting better," the young blonde girl said with a huge smile, notes of relief and surprise mixed together in her voice.

"Told you," Alex smirked, reaching out and running her fingers affectionately through her sister's baby-soft blonde hair. Then she looked over and noticed that the textbook Kara had open on the bed was one of her own—her 9th grade AP Bio book, to be exact. "What are you doing?" The older girl asked curiously.

"Your homework," Kara shrugged. With a rarely-seen devious smile, she leaned in close to her older sister and whispered, "Don't tell."

Back in Kara's apartment in National City, the two sisters both giggled softly at the long-ago memory. "Yeah...okay," Alex sniffed, nuzzling up to Kara and letting her little sister rub her back soothingly. "You did scare me this time. I guess we're even."

"Yes we are," Kara agreed sleepily. She felt a sneeze coming on, but she didn't want to let go of Alex, who was currently cuddled up tight against her in comfort and reassurance; so she just ducked her head down against her big sister's shoulder, pointing her germs down away from her sister's face as she shivered and sneezed weakly.

"Bless you baby," Alex murmured, sitting up just enough to grab a tissue from the bedside table, and passing it to Kara, who was still sniffling.

"Thadk you," Kara croaked softly, holding the tissue with both hands to blow her nose, which she had more or less mastered in the last 24 hours.

Then, without warning, a blood-curdling shriek from the building across the street made the blonde girl sit bold upright in bed, and without conscious thought, her x-ray eyes were shooting through the wall, across the street, to where a toddler had fallen out of the high-rise window through a faulty baby-gate. The shriek was from the child's mother, who stood at the window in horror, reaching out for her child while her husband stood behind her and held her back from falling out the window herself. In the split-second before she flewâ€"literally, flewâ€"out of her bed and out the window to catch the falling child, Alex looked at her sister's face and knew she was herself again, powers intact. She hadn't said or done anything to convey it; she even still had a little bit of snot running from one side of her nose, but it took only a fraction of a second's adrenalin rush for her body to reset itself, and Alex knew it. She just knew. So she wasn't as surprised as she might have been when Kara flew out of the bed, out of the window, and caught the baby about ten feet before he would've splattered on the sidewalk. It was just daybreak now, and the sun was rising behind her when she flew the child back up the twelve stories to his mother, sobbing in the window; and at least a dozen people whipped out their phones and captured a photo unlike National City had ever seen before: Supergirl saving the day in her pajamas.

End
file.